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MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

The Rev. William Grimshaw's Letter to the Methodist Society at Norwich.

The following admirable Letter was written, we believe, by the excellent Mr. Grimshaw, minister of Haworth. It is an unquestionable fact, (though some of his biographers have appeared desirous of concealing it,) that this most pious and laborious clergyman was one of those worthies of the Established Church, who were not afraid or ashamed, in the early period of Methodism, to maintain a close and public connexion with Mr. Wesley and the Societies under his care.—This fact is illustrated by the present article. Mr. Grimshaw, it is probable, had visited the society at Norwich; and by annual letters of this description endeavored to turn to their spiritual advantage the acquaintance with them which was then formed.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

January 21, 1821.

DEAR BRETHREN,
Grace, mercy, and peace, be to you, from God even our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ. Your past lives are a year longer, and your future lives a year shorter, than I wrote last unto you. Are you proportionably advanced in grace, and reduced in nature?

You are many of you already born of God, washed, justified, and sanctified; and you hope to be "glorified," through the Spirit and merit of Jesus Christ.—Thus much you experience; therefore, you are—a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, a holy nation. What for? That you might show forth the praises of him, who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light, and out of the kingdom of Satan unto God; to receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among the sanctified. Thus writes Paul; thus writes Peter. Therefore, show your necessary and blessed effects which result from such a state. Let all your thoughts, words, and actions, be in Christ, through Christ, and unto Christ. All so done, is well done; and though undeserving of any reward, yet is so acceptable to our dear Saviour, that it has the promise, both of this life, and of that which is to come.

If the term *sinless perfection* be disgusting to some, surely CHRISTIAN PERFECTION will be grateful to all who know Christ. It is to love God with all our heart, mind, soul, and strength. This is *scriptural perfection*. This is the word of God. This is his command. Yea; and it is natural to the regenerate to desire this. Are you the sons of God? Should you not then be followers (imitators) of God as dear children? Is Christ your head holy? Should you not then be holy as he is holy? Are you endued with the gift of the Spirit? Should you not then bring forth the fruit of the Spirit? Consider all this. Why should we neglect, refuse, or object to be what is most interesting and advantageous in our state—and so necessary, that, though we cannot be saved for it, yet we cannot be saved without it? Are ye trees of righteousness? Let the trees be known by their fruit.

Though you are in a state of salvation, yet must you strive to work out your salvation with fear and trembling. Give, my brethren, give "all diligence to add to your faith, virtue; to knowledge; to temperance; to patience; to godliness; to brotherly-kindness; to brotherly-kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus let us use what our Lord and we shall bring it to at last. Are ye trees of righteousness? Let the trees be known by their fruit.

It is well known, that we must go through manifold temptations into the kingdom. Our foes will dispute with us every inch of the ground to heaven. But what then? "Greater is he who is in us, than he who is in the world." You may, nay, you must stand in the evil day; and when you have done all, stand. If you do not, the fault is your own; the effect, your shame. We are not tempted above that we are able. We never fall, we never sin, through the want, but through the abuse of grace. Nor is it enough to stand on your ground, but we must conquer also, or not enjoy the crown of life. Therefore, when the flesh tempts you, flee and pray; when the world tempts you, watch and pray; and when the Devil tempts you, resist and pray. So shall ye be more than conquerors. Are ye trees of righteousness? Let the trees be known by their fruit.

Suffer me to prescribe to you a method, how to live one day well. It may serve for every day, by repeating it. Nor will I presume to lay a burden on your shoulders, and not touch it with my own fingers.

As soon as you awake in the morning, employ half an hour in *five things*. Bless God for the mercies of the night past; pray for the blessings of a new day; examine well your own heart; meditate upon some spiritual subject; and, lastly, plan the business of the approaching day. Then rise at four o'clock, but never later than five, if well. While you put on your clothes, praise or pray mentally, but suitably to your state.—Then spend another half hour in secret meditation, praise, and prayer. After this, call your family together, read a chapter, and as you have ability and leisure, expound it to them. Then sing a hymn, and conclude with prayer. Pray always before and after meat: thus take the course from off your vituals; and bless God for the benefit of them. Begin, proceed in, and lay by work, thus. Begin with that which should never cease, *prayer in your mind*; while you are at your work, meditate, praise, or pray, or converse religiously with those about you: this will not hinder, but further your labor. As often as you can, retire a few minutes to prayer, at nine o'clock in the morning, and three in the afternoon. It would be well to spend a little time in prayer with your family, immediately after dinner. In the evening constantly ob-

serve the same order of devotion in your family, as in the morning. At going to bed, revise the thoughts, words, and actions of the past day. What appears amiss, beg pardon for: what is well, bless God alone for: and never close your eyes to sleep, with any unforgotten sin upon your conscience. Are ye trees of righteousness? Let the trees be known by their fruit.

Never neglect this, or some such method of walking with God. Do all feelingly, fervently, and devoutly, as from the Spirit of God in you. Custom will make it familiar, easy, and pleasant to you. And if you thus spend every week-day, you will, no doubt, keep the Sabbath-day holy. You will surely attend the word, the Lord's table, and all occasional meetings.—All this will help you to attain "to the measure of the stature of perfect men in Christ." Are ye trees of righteousness? Let the trees be known by their fruit.

In a word, diligently use every means, and as diligently exercise every measure of grace. Be fervent in spirit serving the Lord. In every thing, invariably aim at his glory, out of a pure heart, and good conscience, and faith unfeigned. Are ye trees of righteousness? Let the trees be known by their fruit.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm. COWPER.

There are few employments in which we can engage, more calculated to raise our hearts in gratitude to God, or encourage us to exercise resignation to his will, than an enlarged view of the dispensations of his providence. Who can turn to the sacred volumes, and read the histories of Joseph, of Ruth, or of Esther, without recognising in the events connected with them the divine hand, and saying with the devout Psalmist, "what time I am afraid I will trust in thee?" O, it is a delightful thought to the Christian, that all the affairs of the world are under the direction of him who is the friend of those who love him, and who has engaged that "all things shall work together for their good." This holds true in reference to the most painful and adverse events, as well as those of a pleasing and prosperous kind.

The reader, in all probability, has long been acquainted with the history of the hymn from which I have selected a stanza as a motto for this paper; and has often admired the good hand of God, that in so singular a manner delivered his dejected servant from self-destruction. The narrative I have now to give, in some of its parts is not very dissimilar to that. The facts I received but a few evenings ago from an amiable lady of my congregation, and may be fully depended on, though I am not at liberty publicly to mention names. I will give the account as nearly as possible in her own words:

"One afternoon, in the winter of about the year of 1803, I had occasion to go from F— to S—, a distance of about two miles, and was unexpectedly detained till late in the evening, when I set out to return home alone. The night was very frosty and cold, and the ground was covered with a deep snow: when I had proceeded some short distance on the road, I was stopped by two Irishmen, who were, I believe, employed in some of the military works in the neighborhood. They asked me if I was going to F—: I gave them an evasive answer, and proceeded, not a little sensible of the dangerous circumstances in which I was placed. I went on some little distance when they again accosted me, and once more I found means to give them an evasive reply. They passed on before me, and hid themselves in the hedge, and as I came near to them, I heard them engaged in a conversation that roused all my fears; I paused a moment, and then resolved to return to S— with all possible speed. I set off to run, with one of these men almost immediately behind me. Once I fell on the ice almost exhausted, but remembering that my very life was at stake, I arose, and with aid communicated on high, I pursued my journey till I reached the turnpike house, into which I ran, and fell in a state of exhaustion into one of the chairs. At some times during the pursuit the man was not more than three yards behind me.

"In about two hours I was in some degree recovered from my fright; and that I might not alarm my friends at S— with my return, I resolved to spend the night with a pious old lady, a member of your church, who at that time was keeping the house of a baronet in S—, who was then, with all his family, absent from home.

"Late at night, probably ten o'clock, I arrived at the house, and still terrified with what I had passed through, I knocked at the different doors with all my might, but it was long before I received any answer. At length the old lady, who was quite alone, came to a small back door situated among the stables, to inquire who was there. I mentioned my name, and she eyed me through the bars of my admission; I related the circumstances in which I was placed, and she begged me to stay over night, to which I very cheerfully assented, and accompanied her into the house.

"As we passed through the different parts of the house, I could not help remarking the circumstance, that every door, even those we had to enter, and from which I supposed the old lady had just passed, were all carefully made secure, nor was I a little surprised to find that she had no refreshment to offer me, except a little bread. But as my heart overflowed with gratitude for the deliverance I had experienced, I felt but little concern on that account. We retired to rest, and in the morning I left my friend with feelings of thankfulness to the great Preserver of my life for the escape I had on the past night, which I can never forget.

"From this period I could not but be struck with the attention and kindness which the good old lady manifested towards me. She seemed almost to regard me with an idolatrous regard, and I sometimes felt grieved at the trouble she gave herself to promote my comfort whenever I paid her a visit.

"Mark the sequel of these events.—About the year 1816, as her husband was dead, it was judged desirable that she should leave S— to go to reside with her son in London. She came, therefore, to take her leave of me; and, after some general conversation, she said—Miss—, I have somewhat particular to say to you. Do you remember coming to Sir—'s house to me one night ten years ago?—Certainly I do! I replied: 'nor can I ever forget the deliverance I then experienced.'—Do you remember that you found all the doors bolted and barred,—that I came to you at a door among the stables,—and that I had nothing to offer you for your supper but a mor-

sel of bread?—Yes, I remember it all! Here she burst into tears, and as soon as she could, she told me, that at that time she had labored under very heavy depression of spirits; that she had been tempted to destroy herself;—and that when I went to the house, she had fastened all the doors, and was passing down the yard with a determination to drown herself in the sea; but that my coming in the way I did, had clearly shown her the interposing hand of God had removed the temptation, and scattered the gloomy feelings of her mind. She added, that she had ever since endured much pain on account of the painful event,—that as she was not likely to live very long, and in all probability should never see me again, she had come to the determination, however painful the task, to disclose the whole affair, begging me never to relate the circumstance as long as she lived. I acceded to her request, nor was the affair known, even to her own family, till that event had taken place.

"A few months after this conversation had taken place, she passed, with a hope full of immortality and joy, very suddenly, from a world of sorrow and temptation, to enter on a state of bliss, where, I doubt not, she shall for ever enjoy all the blessedness connected with eternal life."

Such are the leading circumstances of the case, as detailed to me. It needs no comment. How many such providences occur to prevent greater evils, will only be known by us at the great day, when all events shall be disclosed. If the relation of these circumstances should be the happy means of leading any of the children of distress to cast their burdens on the Lord, and should enable them to resist the temptations of Satan, and to triumph over bodily and mental disease, the purposes for which they are mentioned will be fully answered.

SOLEMN CONSECRATION TO GOD.

BY THE REV. Z. ELY, WHILE A YOUTH AT COLLEGE.

(FROM HIS MEMOIRS.)

"In the presence of Almighty God, in presence of all the heavenly host, of all holy angels, and saints who surround the throne, I this evening most solemnly give up myself, body and soul, with all my powers and faculties to God and his service; humbly entreating that he would make them subservient to his own glory. In consequence of this solemn dedication, I declare war with the flesh and the devil, humbly imploring Divine assistance, that I may overcome them, and to God be all the glory. I will renounce the way of sin, allow myself in no known evil, but strictly adhere to the precepts of Jesus Christ. I will strive to live a holy life, filling up my few remaining moments, in devotion morning and evening, in the employments of God and religion; in striving to the last to support the cause of the blessed Redeemer; in all things aiming at his glory and the salvation of souls. I do from this moment resolve to live a life of watchfulness and prayer, not thinking that these will save me; but as they are the institutions of God, I will cheerfully comply with them, and all the duties of the like kind; esteeming it my inestimable privilege. I resolve to keep the sabbath holy, accounting it my delight, not doing my own business, but striving to be in the spirit on the Lord's day, I resolve so soon as I shall think it consistent with the grace of God, bestowed on me, (which I humbly entreat God to grant quickly,) to give myself up to Almighty God publicly, before God, angels, and men, to comply with that holy ordinance instituted by our blessed Saviour, who saith 'this do in remembrance of me,' and 'as often as ye do this, ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come.' I will be careful in all my actions not to dishonor God, nor that sacred religion which I now profess before heaven and hope shortly to profess before all mankind; animated by that glorious saying of our Saviour, he that is ashamed to confess me before men, him will I be ashamed to confess before my Father who is in heaven, and before all the holy angels. And whereas by the free grace of God, I am in some measure convinced that I have hitherto built upon a sandy foundation and not on Christ, the rock of ages, the only solid foundation, but have been setting up my own righteousness, thinking I could be saved by my own good deeds, and have not been willing to give all glory to Christ, to whom alone all glory and praise throughout eternity, and trust alone in his salvation, which alone is sufficient, I declare my own righteousness filthy rags, renounce it, and whatever I have thought worthy of acceptance, and declare my hope and confidence in the blood of the Saviour, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen.

Well may angels esteem this their highest theme and saints break forth in loud hallelujahs, and all creation be wrapt up in eternal praise. Great God of heaven, and all ye angels and saints who surround the throne, I call, in humble confidence and most devout solemnity, I call you all to witness to this solemn vow to serve the Lord, in whose awful presence I would set my name.

—ZEBULON ELY.

MASSILLON'S OPINION OF THEATRES.

"You continually ask, if theatres, and other public places of amusement, be innocent recreations for Christians? In return, I have only one question to ask you, are they the works of Satan or of Jesus Christ? For there can be no medium in religion. I mean not to say, that many recreations and amusements may be free from indifferent; but the most indifferent pleasures, which religion allows, and which the weakness of our nature renders more necessary, belong, in one sense to Jesus Christ, by the facility with which they ought to enable us to apply ourselves to more holy and more serious duties. Every thing we do, every thing we rejoice or weep at, ought to be of such a nature, as to have a connexion with Jesus Christ, and to be done for his glory. Now, upon this principle, the most incontestable and most universally allowed in Christian morality, you have only to decide, whether you can connect the glory of Jesus Christ, with the pleasures of the theatre. Can our Saviour have a part in such a species of recreation? and before you enter there, can you with confidence declare to him, that in so doing, you only propose to yourselves his glory, and to enjoy the satisfaction of pleasing him? What! the theatres, such as they are at present, still more criminal by the public licentiousness of those unfortunate creatures who ascend them, than by the impure and passionate scenes they represent—the theatres the work of Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ, would he animate a month from whence are to be derived lasciviousness and profane sounds, intended to corrupt the heart? These blasphemies strike me with horror. Jesus Christ, would he be present in assemblies of sin, where every thing we hear, weakens his doctrines! where the poison enters into the soul by all the senses? Where every act is employed to inspire, awaken and justify the passions he condemns! Now, says Tertullian, if they are not the works of Jesus Christ, they must be the works of Satan. Every Christian, therefore, ought to abstain from them. When he partakes of them, he violates the vows of baptism. However innocent he may flatter himself to be in bringing from these places an untainted heart, it is sullied by being there, since by his

presence alone, he has participated in the works of Satan, and violated the most sacred promises, he had made, to Jesus Christ and to his church."

Extract from Mr. Wesley's Journal.

On my arrival in Meitz, I went to see the great Cathedral, called Saint Christopher, and viewed the many altars, adorned, or rather loaded with abundance of gold and silver. On going out, I observed a paper on the door, which was of so extraordinary a nature, that I thought it would not be labor lost to transcribe it. The words were as follows: "A full release for the poor souls in Purgatory. His Papal Holiness, Clement XII. hath this year, 1738, on the 7th day of August, most graciously privileged the Cathedral Church of Saint Christopher in Meitz, so that every priest, as well secular as regular, who will read Mass at any altar for the soul of any Christian departed, on any holy day, or on any day within the octave thereof, or two extraordinary days, to be appointed by the ordinary of any week in the year—may each time deliver a soul out of the fire of Purgatory." Now I desire to know whether any Pomanist of common sense, can either defend or approve of this?

MR. W. L. F. THE MISSIONARY.

I know not how it has appeared to others, sir, but to me the character of this man, since I first began to read of him, has been peculiarly commanding. An individual, who, though born and reared in Judaism, declared his belief of the Christian religion at the age of eight years—who forsook for this cause his father's house at twelve—who dared to tell the Pope "he was just," in his own college at Rome—and who proved the Gemara "to be a lie," to the Jews of the Holy City: a man who has preached the Gospel on Mount Sinai, who is now exploring the footsteps of his father Abraham in the land of Ur—and disputing with Devil-worshippers in Bagdad, the region of Arabian romance! Oh, sir, there is a moral sublimity in such a spectacle, which must command admiration. There is not among men a more truly exalted character than the Christian missionary: Wolf, in my judgment, is one of the greatest men who has lived since the days of Paul; and Wolf, let it be remembered, is a converted Hebrew.—*Speech of Rev. Reuben Smith before the American Jews Society.*

FROM THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"The Triumph of the Wicked is short."

At a village in K—, there lived a farmer, who, like too many others, was without God in the world; and though his heavenly Father caused the dew to descend, and gave rain to moisten the earth, that it might yield "seed to the sower, and bread to the eater," yet this unhappy man continued, through a long succession of years, more ignorant than the beasts of the field by which he was surrounded.

On the introduction of the gospel into the village where he lived, although many came to the light, he rebelled yet the more, and derided every thing sacred. Amongst other things, he possessed a lime-kiln, which, in derision, he used profanely to call "his little hell." One evening, whilst his religious neighbors were holding a prayer-meeting in a friend's house, they heard a loud and distressing cry for help, and on inquiry into the cause, discovered the wife of Mr. — in great agony, for her husband had approached too near "his little hell," his foot had slipped,—and it is no less remarkable than true, that he was so completely removed by the intense heat of the kiln, that not a vestige of him could be found! "Verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth." (Ps. lviii. 11.)

Mr. —, of the same village, discovered a great enemy to God and godliness; and, living next door to an active follower of our Saviour, endeavored to show the opposition of his heart in many different ways. At one period, (not long before his death,) in order to ridicule this pious neighbor, he dressed up a figure in the clerical habit, and placed it outside of his door, kneeling before a chair, as if in the act of prayer, and then stood by it, on purpose to call the attention of those who passed that way; but even the unthinking part of the inhabitants of the village were shocked at his conduct; and finding that his end was defeated, and that the shame was all his own, he removed it into the house.

One night he was taken suddenly ill; and, in his extremity, sent for that friend whose way and character he had before despised. He went immediately, to counsel him and to pray with him; but in a few hours he was called to stand before "the Judge of quick and dead."

On returning from the house, the friend saw the figure above alluded to placed behind the door. Surely such a one reminds us of our Lord's words, "The candle of the wicked shall be put out." (Prov. xxiv. 20.) "The wicked shall be silent in darkness." (1 Sam. ii. 9.)

D., Sept. 1821.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

The following Anecdote is said, in a respectable publication, to be "a well-authenticated fact." It is adduced as an instance of something which, we confess, we do not very distinctly comprehend, called "the sympathetic affinity of individuals." There are possibly exist some sort of occult sympathies in nature, which are not to admit or to deny. Still less are we disposed boldly to discredit every fact, for which science, at present, is unable to account, or which cannot be referred to any recognised class of natural phenomena; for nothing can be more unreasonable than such obstinate incredulity, either in philosophy or religion. The fact itself is interesting. Perhaps, after all, it might be an instance of the special interposition of God; and was not one of the mysteries of nature, so much as of Providence.—It is as follows:

"When the Count de la Tour Laude was in London, we believe as Ambassador from Louis XIII., a young shoemaker, in taking his measure, became strangely agitated, was seized with a violent hemorrhage at the nose, and fainted away. This was considered at first as accidental; but when the man returned, to sit on the shoes after they were made, he was immediately, on approaching the Count, again affected as before. De la Tour was much struck with the circumstance; for at that time the doctrine of sympathies was more in vogue than at present. He inquired into the history of the young man; and learned that he was born in France, but taken at a tender age to Bohemia, and afterwards to Holland, whence he had come to England. The Count was the more interested by this narration, because a child of his sister, who died in giving it birth, had been stolen and never heard of; and he began to think that there was something providential in the phenomena which he had witnessed in the young man. He, in consequence, directed inquiries to be instituted, and, in the end, traced effectually and completely that the youth was his nephew; established his right to the title and estates of the Baron de Vesiers, the husband of

his sister; and in perpetual commemoration of the event, founded an hospital at Rochelle, which Louis XIII. in 1637, endowed with particular privileges."

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MOSES.

HEBREWS xi. 24, 25.

By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

The history of Moses, the prophet of God and legislator of Israel, is an interesting journal, an instructive narrative, and an eventful relation—or a sketch should command the study of every man—one, the features of which are peculiarly attractive. It conveys to our minds through a rich, splendid, and wonderfully interesting life, the most prominent characteristics of a man of God. It also opens a vast store-house of useful and entertaining matter.

We are not called to the contemplation of a bold adventurer preying upon the liberties of his fellow men, as glorying in the distresses which his avaricious hand has wrought; nor of another Alexander, warring with the whole world, covered with the blood of millions, and towering above his contemporaries in all the haughtiness of ostentatious pride. On the contrary, we are called to contemplate the character of a man raised to the pinnacle of earthly grandeur, flattered by the most splendid prospects, and surrounded by the most alluring enchantments; yet voluntarily renouncing them all, spurning them from him with holy indignation, and embarking in the cause of religion with a poor, despised, and persecuted people. A man eminently great, because *eminently humble*.

The features of this man's character are singularly rare. There is something in the general cast of it more eminently sublime than perhaps any other exhibited in the pages of the Old Testament. Indeed, the history of the age in which he flourished, and the people whose deliverance under God he wrought, comprises one of the finest specimens of historiography that could be selected from the archives of the universe.

In order to open and illustrate the words of our text, we shall introduce the subject of it, as he is described by the apostle—in the act of nobly rejecting all the honors of the alluring court of the Egyptian monarch. While, in the discharge of the duty we owe our God and our fellow sinners, we endeavor to make a few illustrative remarks upon the words before us, we beseech Almighty God, to assist us in our humble endeavors; and, whatever observations consonant to divine truth, which the subject may elicit, cause them, O thou most holy Being, to take deep root in our hearts, and there to spring up and ripen for the general harvest of the Lord.

In the first place, we shall touch upon the history of Moses, in which we discover some very remarkable providential interferences, which constrain us almost involuntarily to look forward, with anxiety and interest, to his future life and final destination. It will be remembered, that in common with every male child of Hebrew extraction, his life was menaced by the edicts of a powerful, tyrannical, and blood-thirsty monarch; and that, while yet a little babe, he was miraculously preserved from the waters of the Nile, to escape the cruel hand of the cruel executioners of the mandates of Pharaoh. It will also be remembered that he was rescued from a watery grave by the daughter of the reigning prince, who, ever after, called him her adopted son. It is not our present intention, however, to follow Moses any farther back into his early life than merely to embrace that point of time particularized in our text.

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years," &c. This period, as the sacred historian informs us, was when "he was full forty years old"—a period of man's life when ambition often sways every other passion of the soul.

But let us view his prospects at this eventful period:—1. As Pharaoh's daughter's adopted son, he was daily surrounded by the attendant appendages of a gaudy, licentious court, caressed and flattered upon by the crawling sycophants, which, like flies in the rays of the summer's sun, are always found basking in the sunshine of royal favor, and the smiles of the most enchanting pleasures, and exposed to the seductive charms of every vice, decorated in their most winning blandishments. These things are not only adapted to the temperament of the natural unregenerated heart, but are more especially suited to the fond anticipations of youthful fancy. 2. His tutors were in the ray of the court. The greatest philosophers, and the wisest statesmen of the age were engaged in preparing him for the exalted station for which he was designed. To this point, the inspired penman observes, "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds." He was a student in the schools of the Egyptian magi; he was one among the princes of the court of Pharaoh; he was a poet, a statesman, and a general. Yet was he not intoxicated with royal favor, nor seduced by the allurement of ambition; but, nobly rejecting the splendid accompaniments of greatness, he willingly divested himself of every honorary title, the name of the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, and even that of Pharaoh's heir.

Ordinary men are, who greatly prize themselves as worldly distinctions—riches and titles tickle their fancies, and the flattery batteries of the great are apt to warp their principles and fritter away their religion. If they are unexpectedly raised to eminence in life, they anxiously strive to conceal their obscure extraction from the knowledge of others, by every means in their power; as if it were an acknowledged truth that birth conferred virtue, or that the offspring of the rich inherited goodness from the same source they did their riches. The toleration of such conduct exhibits a spirit to the lowest degree mean and grovelling. Art thou rich? O remember that to be rich in faith is better than the miser's hoarded pelf. Hast thou nothing? Lay then the foundation of a good name. Begin that labor now—always keep that end in view, and thou mayest soon possess unlimited treasures of a heavenly nature—thou mayest then be in the possession of an undoubted chair, of not merely an earthly potentate, but of an heavenly kingdom.

But to return: "he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." What did it amount to in his estimation? Has it not a mere empty sound? But these, alone, were not the principles which caused this praise-worthy refusal. He was fully persuaded, that in choosing this title, he relinquished his birth-right as one of the children of Abraham. He was also as satisfactorily convinced, that with the required acceptance, he also relinquished the religion of his fathers.

Here we pause to admire the decided manner in which he rejects this paltry distinction; although accompanied as it was, with indefinite riches, honors, dominion, conquest and majesty—All these, when thrown into the balance with that of being a Hebrew, a lineal descendant of the father of the faithful, weigh lighter than vanity. The sacrifice was really great!

which that great navigator fell; the ruins of the temple in which Obolooka once worshipped an idol, the bones of human beings which lie on the sea shore.—Yet his prospects are very animating. Of their own accord the chiefs have built him a house of worship, which was dedicated on the 28th of April, 1824, and a dwelling house. They have made laws forbidding any disturbance or sleeping in the house of God; the Monthly Concert is well observed; the house is crowded on the Sabbath, and the assembly very solemn.—Mr. E. has a Sabbath School of 40 children; and on other days they are teaching more than 100 the rudiments of Education. Mr. E. had been on mission ground but a little more than a year, and this is the greatest station; yet he weekly preaches the word of God to the attentive people, who are so eager for instruction, that they cheerfully attend on his ministrations. His house of worship is built on the ruins of a heathen temple!—*Rec. and Telegraph.*

SECOND REVIVAL AT THE CEYLON STATION.

From the following letter of Rev. M. Winslow, to Prof. Hall, of this city, it will be seen that a second season of the effusion of the influences of the Spirit has been enjoyed, at the missionary stations in Ceylon.—God is raising up so many monuments of the power of the Gospel, that it would seem impossible for unbelievers to doubt, to say, "All these things are a delusion."—For ourselves, we should as soon think of doubting the existence of the pyramids of Egypt, after the testimony of thousands, as to doubt or deny the reality of revivals. Much has been said, to discourage the friends of missions, about the prejudices of the heathen, and the effect of these representations has been to relax hope, and of course, exertion. But Christians, who in view of the facts recorded in the Bible, and of events taking place all around them, do not feel as if nothing was too hard for God, have no excuse. If they cannot trust that He will do what He has promised, if they will yet inquire "How can these things be?" they are not fit for the work of God's people in the present age. The tasks to which they are called, in this period, are evidently beyond their own strength—they must look to heaven for its co-operation, or they will sink down in despair. Let the faint-hearted think of Ceylon and take courage.—*Conn. Observer.*

Oodooism, Jaffna, Jan. 10th, 1825.

VERY DEAR SIR,—Another reason I might mention for not writing many of my friends—the last year has been a year of special labor on account of the special influences of the Spirit having been graciously granted us. You have heard of what the Lord did for those around us at the commencement of the year; and will rejoice that He has also come and revived us again at its conclusion. The last two months of the year were months of much solemnity—much fervency of spirit—much prayer which was often offered up with many tears, and I may add, of much consolation. There has been in short a still, deep, and we hope powerful, operation of the Holy Spirit on many hearts. The first season of special encouragement was at the monthly prayer meeting in Nov. when an uncommon spirit of prayer was manifested, and all returned home looking to see a cloud arise at least as large as a man's hand. In the course of that month not only did a cloud rise; but it extended itself over a great part of the horizon; and large drops began to fall here and there—all our stations were refreshed, and the native members of the church were revived—some, who had been awakened before and afterwards became careless, were again stirred up—and careless, stupid sinners were alarmed. At the Central School, at Batticaloa, almost all the lads were for a time aroused; and including those who had continued to hold on their way since the last awakening, about 15 now profess to be earnestly seeking salvation. At all the other stations similar effects were seen. The Schoolmasters, of whom about 70 are employed by the mission, were some of them awakened, and several young men of the most respectable families, who had studied English for some time, were hopefully brought to repentance. These latter were made the more special subjects of prayer for one hour each day for a week, and at the end of that time, on a day set apart for fasting and prayer, were brought together into one place and in a very solemn manner. The Lord manifested Himself on that, as He has in many other instances here, as a prayer hearing God. Two of the young men who were then stupid were within a few days brought under deep concern—one who had some sense of his sins was enabled to cry earnestly for mercy, and another who had long been under conviction, but had been held in bondage, through fear of his friends and of persecution, was strengthened to come out from among them and be separate. Five of them, now profess to be the Lord's, and are enabled to bear ridicule and reproach for Him. At a meeting with the Schoolmasters of this station, 15 in number, four of these young men addressed them very feelingly, and then severally knelt down and prayed with them. They also spoke before their relatives in a large meeting at Tillyally.—This is a great blow to Heathenism, and we are looking for very manifest effects; and shall doubtless see them if the Lord enables these young men to persevere.—To him be praise.

The Duke of York, not long since, issued orders that no one should distribute Bibles in the British army except their Chaplains. He has lately ordered that every soldier shall be furnished with a Bible, which he must produce on the regular day of inspection, with his arms.

A Camp-meeting will be held in the Vermont District, to commence on Tuesday next, the 21st inst. Preachers and brethren are respectfully invited to attend.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Legislature of Massachusetts continues its summer session in this city. But as little business of a public nature has as yet been finally acted upon, and as a detail of the incipient stages, and measures of a local nature, would be uninteresting to our readers, we shall wait till the close of the session for a summary of its proceedings.

During the last week there have been arrivals at New York from Havre and Liverpool; but they bring little intelligence of general interest.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

On Friday next, the Corner Stone of the Monument upon Bunker's Hill will be laid with appropriate ceremonies. In the mean time great preparations are making in a suitable style for the accommodation of the public. We publish the order of procession as promulgated by the Executive Committee of the Association. The Committee, to whom the subject was referred, have settled the controversy as to the form of the monumental structure, and have decided, 12 to 8, in favor of a *Pyramidal Obelisk*, of 40 feet base and 220 feet in height. Such a structure will combine simplicity and durability, such as we hope begets essentially to our republican institutions.

Workmen have been employed in opening the ground for laying the foundation of the Obelisk. In addition to the awakening patriotic associations calculated to heighten the festivities of the occasion. The commanding view which the spectators will have from the hill of the prosperous condition of the country, pared in contrast with the forlorn situation of Boston in 1775, and of the various veterans of the revolution—the interesting Address by the President of the Asso-

ciation, pronounced to the people in the open air, on the spot where the battle was fought, and where Warren fell—the rich assemblage of the Masonic Fraternity from every part of the country, and probably an unexampled crowd of female beauty.

The Rev. Mr. Thaxter who was Chaplain to Prescott's regiment, and was at the battles of Lexington and Concord, will offer prayers on the occasion; and will add greatly to its interest. The musical performances will be of the first order, the most distinguished Musicians having united their talents to produce a display worthy of the day. Preparations have been made to feast 4000 persons on the hill—and Tickets are now ready to be delivered at the different Booksellers.

General La Fayette will probably arrive in this city by the way of Albany this day or to-morrow. Some expectations are entertained that, besides the Nation's Guest, the President of the United States, Mr. Barbour of Virginia, Secretary at War, and Gov. De Witt Clinton, of New York, will attend this highly interesting Centennial Celebration.—*En. Gaz.*

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The Executive Committee of the B. H. M. A. have the honor to make public the following Vote, and the order of procession of the 17th of June:

At a meeting of the Directors of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, June 6th, 1825:

Resolved, That Brigadier General Lyman, be requested to take the exclusive command, both civil and military, of the Procession on the 17th of June, 1825; and that the Executive Committee and Gen. Lyman, in the execution of his authority, as he may request; and that said Committee have full power and authority to do whatever may seem necessary to them in relation to the arrangements of the day.

DANIEL WEBSTER, President.

JOHN C. WARREN, Secy. pro tem.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

MILITARY ESCORT.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.
Survivors of Bunker Hill Battle, in open carriages.
President of Bunker Hill Monument Association.
Chaplains.

Directors and Officers of B. H. M. Association.
The President of the United States in a carriage.
Gen. Lafayette in a carriage.

Officers of the Revolutionary Army.
His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts.
Lieutenant Governor and Council.

The Hon. the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Secretary and Treasurer.
Governors of other States in the Union.

Heads of Departments of the U. States.
Senators and Representatives of the U. States.

Secretary and Treasurer.
Judges of the Supreme Court of U. S. and State Courts.

Invited Strangers and Invited Guests.
Presidents of Colleges and Clergy.

Officers of the U. States Army.
Officers of the U. S. Navy.

Societies.
Members of the Association.

Uniform Companies (Light Infantry and Rifle corps only) that intend to join in the duties of Escort, or Guard, as the Commandant of the day may desire, will Report themselves at the office of the Association, on or before Wednesday, the fifteenth instant; and observe such order, in this respect, as General Lyman may issue. All companies that appear are requested to provide their own uniforms; the Association have no means to provide them.

As it is probable that great numbers will assemble on this occasion, the embarrassment of Carriages and Horses will be avoided as much as possible; and therefore all parts of the procession not designated to move in Carriages, are to go on foot.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Executive.

SETH KNOWLES, Committee.

SAMUEL D. HARRIS, B. H. M. A.

The Directors of Charles River Bridge have generously voted that the Toll Houses shall be closed on the 17th of June, and the City Authorities have requested that persons concerned in Navigation would not apply for the raising of the draw on that day.

The following appalling description of the sufferings of La Fayette when incarcerated in the prison of Olmutz is extracted from an English paper published in 1796.

"He was seized upon in neutral ground, and from the month of August 1792, buried alive, in cold, subterranean, solitary dungeons, deprived of exercise, of air, of the light of heaven, of all intercourse with human beings. Stripped of all his clothes, before his being plunged into his last dungeon at Olmutz, and clad like a galley slave in trousers and waistcoat of sail cloth, enduring in that condition the memorable winter of 1794, destitute of every thing, refused even a knife and fork, and the scanty comforts allowed to felons; obliged to lie on the straw and a miserable mattress, the relic of his Russian prison."

Such is the description of the sufferings of this venerable man now traversing our country and receiving the respectful congratulations of its citizens; and every one of us should, if possible, have it in our power to tell our children that we have seen this man who has done more than any now living for the cause of civil liberty and free principles.

The Greeks.—Letters from Constantinople of the 29th March, estimate the Egyptians, which lately landed in the Morea, at 12,000 men, well provided with ammunition and provisions, and that up to that period they had been successful.—Intelligence from Augsburgh as late as the 19th of April, gives a very different account of the aspect of affairs in Greece. They state, that when the invasion of the Morea was known, 30,000 volunteers answered the appeal of the government to arms, and that the Egyptians had been repulsed in every direction and compelled to take up a defensive position near the spot where they landed. The Greek fleet and armies were every where on the alert, and the formidable armaments of the Turks and Egyptians did not inspire them with the least alarm. The individuals who were detected in conspiring against the government, had been shipped off for Hydra amidst the acclamations of the people, who assembled in great numbers to witness the embarkation, and to testify their approbation of the measures which had been taken to put down these traitors. It is mentioned in an article dated Hydra, March 31st, that a vessel which arrived there with a part of the Loan from London, brought also 10,000*l.* the amount of the subscriptions collected in the United States of America, in behalf of the Greeks.

It has been stated in the Washington Gazette, "that a gentleman high in rank, in the service of the Greek Government, is now building one or more frigates in New York for that government—these ships are to be built without delay, and of the common timber of that state. Rumor says the construction of these ships is to be superintended by an officer high in rank, in our service."

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford was incorporated in 1816; its funds were then only \$25,000. Its present funds are estimated at \$215,000. There are now sixty-five pupils at this institution under the care of five instructors. The actual income of the Asylum amounts to \$5,200 per annum.

Stage Accident.—The Mail Stage, was broken to pieces in Washington, a few days since, by the horses taking fright and running down the capital hill. Several persons were very much hurt, and the driver had one arm and one of his thighs broken.

Capitol of the United States.—This immense pile covers an extent of one and a half acres and 1826 feet. Its length of front is 350 feet, the depth of its wing 120 feet—the projection of the centre including steps, 95 feet—west projection 83 feet, making the whole depth of the centre 268 feet. The height of the wings to the top of the balustrade is 70 feet—height to the top of the centre dome, 140 feet. The greatest length of the Representatives room in the south wing is 95 feet—its greatest height 60 feet, greatest length of the Senate chamber in the north wing, 74 feet—greatest height 43 feet. The great central rotunda, whose top is the dome, is 96 feet in diameter, and 96 feet high: the Library room is 96 by 34 feet, and 36 feet high. In the capitol likewise are a variety of rooms for committees and officers connected with the two branches of the national legislature; on the lower floor is a large room where the Supreme Court of the United States holds its sessions. The splendor of this building, when it shall be completed, cannot well be described to the eye of the imagination; its mass walls—its immense columns of solid stone and variegated marble—its winding granite stairs, so constructed as apparently to rest in air, on nothing but themselves—its labyrinth of splendid apartments, in which the stranger may easily lose himself without a conductor: all these must be seen to present to the mind an adequate idea of this monument of republican liberality; in encouraging the arts.

The grounds of the capitol are enclosed within an iron railing, and embrace more than 20 acres. Now that the work on the capitol is not completed, these grounds present the unseemly appearance of temporary sheds and buildings in their rough state, and the rubbish of stones and other materials for building. When the yard shall be reduced to its proper level—its avenues graduated—its shrubbery growing—this will be one of the most delightful promenades of any country.—*N. H. Patriot.*

Statistics of Hayti. The population of Hayti, in 1824, amounted to 935,335. The whole number of inhabitants in the island, before the revolution, did not exceed 600,000. The regular army, for the same year, is stated at 45,520 men, and the national guards at 113,328.

The Excise Duties paid in Great Britain, for one year, ending April 5, 1825, amounted to the immense sum of \$112,410,515, and constituted not only the principal source of revenue for the present year, but produced a total increase, compared with the preceding year, of 7,092,592 dollars. These sums appear large, particularly in this country, where such duties form no part of the national revenue.

The Excise duties paid on Beer, *Milk*, and Soap amounted to \$84,310,173, and exceeds the whole net revenue of the United States.

The *Faxardo Affair*.—Commodore Porter has published a pamphlet of 100 pages, entitled, "An Exposition of the Facts: 1. Circumstances which justified the Expedition to Faxardo, and the consequences thereof, together with the Proceedings of the Court of Inquiry thereon, held by order of the Honorable the Secretary of the Navy." In his preface, the Commodore says:—"By the conduct of the Court to which the subject was referred for investigation, I was driven from my presence, and prevented from making the explanations on which I founded my justification. Therefore, to redeem my pledge, I submit the following sheets." The pamphlet is dedicated to John Q. Adams, President of the United States, and embraces the proceedings of the Court, the testimony of witnesses, documents, and the defence made by the Commodore before the Court. The Commodore rests his justification on "the laws of nations and of nature, highly approved precedents, and the orders of the Secretary of the Navy." The decision of the Court has not been made public, but from the extraordinary measure adopted by the Commodore, it is presumed to be unfavorable to him.—*Providence Jn.*

Rapid reading and articulation.—On Sabbath day, May 15, 1825, says a New Hampshire paper, Miss Polly Edgerly, of Gilmanton, daughter of David Edgerly, Esq. read vocally and distinctly, between seven o'clock in the morning, and five minutes before nine in the evening, the whole of the New Testament from beginning to end.

Young Rogers, the Martyr.—Young Rogers, says the Newark Sentinel, who was lately executed at Pernambuco, a martyr in the cause of liberty, is supposed to be the son of Doctor John R. Rogers, formerly a resident of this town, and now of the city of New York. The crime of which he and his comrades were guilty, and for which they suffered death, was an attempt to plant the standard of liberty on the soil of arbitrary power. The attempt, however magnanimous and praise-worthy, proved abortive; and their blood thirsty murderers could be satisfied with nothing short of their heart's blood. In the most trying hour Rogers did not disown the American name. He made no renunciation of his attachment to the cause of liberty—he disclaimed to seek the clemency of the "old chief," said he, "in a glorious cause"—and exhorting the Pernambucoans to throw off their tyrannical yoke and become freemen, he manfully met his fate. A day of retribution will come.

Among the passengers in the Cornithian which sailed from New York on Wednesday last, for Liverpool, was Professor Carter, senior editor of the New York Statesman, who intends visiting England, Scotland and Ireland, and passing over to France, to pursue his travels through Switzerland and Germany to Italy and Greece. He has announced that he will, during his absence, furnish for the Statesman sketches of country, measures, customs, institutions, politics, &c.

New plan of a Steam Boat.—The New York Evening Post of June 2, says—"So frequent has been the occurrence of accidents in steam boats, that all confidence in them as a mode of conveyance for passengers, is almost entirely destroyed. We have heard that a company are building a boat 100 feet long and of proportionable width, to be fitted up with separate rooms and apartments equal to the most splendid hotel in our city, so that families or parties may have separate apartments, due by themselves at such hours as suits them, have their own servants, and avoid the crowd and bustle attending a muster of two or three hundred people to breakfast and dinner, and what is equally disagreeable, the hot air and tremulous motion which is occasioned by the boiler and machinery; which are placed in steam boats. She is to have no machinery, or stumbling block on board of her, and is to be towed by a steam boat, to the stern of which she will be fastened by strong iron fastenings. Such a boat, we think, cannot but receive encouragement. You may then go as safe, and rest as quiet as in any splendid hotel on land, out of danger of the carelessness or ignorance of what are called Engineers, or the more reprehensible conduct of racing, to see which boat can reach her port of destination ten or fifteen minutes before the other."

The Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company have concluded a contract with the government of Guatemala, for cutting a navigable canal from ocean to ocean, at the south side of the lake of Nicaragua. It is to be 12 or 14 miles in length, and navigable for ships of great burthen. The English are to receive two thirds of the tolls, and to have the exclusive navigation of the San Juan river, and the lake for forty years. The remainder of the tolls is to be devoted by the government to paying off the expense. An engineer was to proceed immediately to Guatemala.

HUMANITY AND PRESENCE OF MIND.—On Monday afternoon a boy, about 14 years of age, at Townsend's wharf, fell into the river Delaware. A countryman, from Milford, I am sorry I do not know his name, jumped in and caught hold of the boy. It was soon observed by Mr. Neil, a printer, that the man could hardly swim, and that it was probable if left to themselves, that both the man and the boy would be drowned. Mr. Neil did not hesitate an instant, but leaped in and caught the boy under one arm, while the countryman held him by the other; a boat was near and they swam towards it.

A swell of the river, occasioned they knew not how, carried the boat away some distance. The countryman held on to the boy, although it required all his exertions to keep himself afloat. Mr. Neil felt that the weight of the boy, and of his own water-soaked clothes, were more than he could float under—what was to be done? No help was near, although the boat and shore were at no great distance. He felt his total inability to sustain the boy and himself, he inspired a large draught of air and descended to the bottom—he supposed his head at that time to have been below the surface of the water 12 or 18 inches—he bore up the boy and walked quickly towards the boat. His breath failing, he ascended, inspired the fresh air, and again descended and moved quickly along the bottom, bearing the boy up. In this way, they all reached the boat and clambered into it.

We make no comment; every heart will make its own, on such praiseworthy conduct; but we heartily rejoice to be able to assure our readers, that all the parties are perfectly recovered. When such men are sinking under peril or misfortune, pain or sickness, may they feel hearts and hands ready and willing to support them, and when the hand of death presses heavily upon them, may they be sustained by that Almighty Arm, which, through the valley of the shadow of death, can lead them to a blissful immortality.

Execution of a Female.—We read in a Plattsburgh, N. Y. paper that a woman by the name of Peggy Facio, was executed at Plattsburgh on the 20th of March. The crowd that collected on this occasion, both of men and women, was immense. Not a few of them travelling many miles on foot, through roads muddy and almost impassable. Females, with a goodly share of mother Eve's spirit of novelty, change and curiosity, from the deepest grandmother, down to the rosy cheeked maiden in her teens, repaired with intense eagerness to the place of execution. Faint, feeble, pale and dejected, the unhappy female was conducted to the gallows. When taken from the wagon and placed upon the scaffold, her attendants, no longer able to control their feelings, burst into tears. To the last she persisted in her innocence, and said that she forgave her enemies.

Against the public execution of a female the benevolent heart revolts with horror. It is an act of barbarity that disgraces a civilized age and country. For a hardened incorrigible villain, who by his numerous crimes, has forfeited all claims to mercy and forgiveness, there is a show of justice and necessity in his execution. But the female mind is seldom so utterly depraved and guilty. Feeble and dependent, the timid female looks up to man as her protector. If she sins through the weakness and infirmity of her nature, what heart can refuse forgiveness to the voice and tears of supplication and repentance? Governed by feeling, and the impulse of passions warm and sanguine, her sins are more the result of a hasty temperament and thoughtless indiscretion, than of deliberate and systematic wickedness and malice. Weak and defenceless, she is deprived by nature of the power of resistance. We can scarcely conceive a crime of which she could be guilty that could not be amply punished within the walls of a prison. We hope, for the honor of human nature, and for the love and respect we owe the sex, that our feelings may never again be outraged, by reading an account of a female execution.—*Columbia Press.*

The last Bangor Register mentions that a person had his leg taken by an Elephant which was exhibiting in that village. "The elephant," says the Register, "with his trunk caught him by the arm and drew him upon his back, and then by striking or jamming him against the ground, broke both the bones of one of his legs." The occasion of this assault by the Elephant, was, we are informed, in consequence of the person's giving him a cracker to eat enclosing a quid of tobacco.

Devastating Hurricane.—The Ohio papers give accounts of one of the most severe and destructive hurricanes of which we have ever read. In the progress of its ravages, it entirely prostrated the town of Burlington, in Licking county. The Newark paper of the 26th says—"The inhabitants of Burlington were alarmed by a loud rolling wind, and upon looking to the west, they discovered something like a dark black cloud—and as it approached, the appearance of trees and limbs, flying in every direction in the air, was seen. They flew to their houses, and in a few seconds every thing was turned over; they could neither see nor hear; every house in the town was swept to the ground; log houses were carried away to the very lowest logs, and stables and houses buried in the air, and what is most astonishing, there were but three persons killed. To witness this scene, it would be supposed that no person could have escaped—some were taken up and carried off some distance; others clung to whatever they could get hold of, and so violent was the wind, that a boy who ran to shut a door, was thrown with such violence against an opposite wall that his brains were dashed out; another, standing in an orchard, was struck by a small limb, and his head actually cut in two. The scene of desolation which it has occasioned is most appalling; on farms of two and three hundred acres of land there is not a tree left standing; the woods are completely prostrated, and almost every animal in the neighborhood has been destroyed. Some of the trees which were uprooted, and carried a distance of 100 or three hundred yards, were four feet thick."

In Wayne, Lawrence, and Sandy townships, the hail and wind were tremendous. In Zoar not a tiled roof escaped destruction. In the south-east part of Stark county, the effects were most distressing. Houses and barns, timber, &c. were prostrated, and horses, cattle and sheep were killed, but no person seriously injured. It is also stated that a village of 20 houses in Knox county was entirely blown down and several persons killed.

A letter from Granville says, the storm was so sudden that no one could make any calculations for safety, but they were left at the mercy of Providence. So tremendous was the noise, the breaking in two and falling of the largest trees, and so quick at the same time, that nothing could be heard therefor. Not a single tree of any size is standing. The water in the creek for several miles was carried away, together with stones, and old logs, a long time embedded, leaving the bed of the creek entirely dry. The water and mud in roads was carried away in the same manner. Many of the cattle, which were not killed, were so covered with mud by being rolled over and over, as scarcely to be known by their owners. Col. Wright's only son was killed. As the wind struck the house, he attempted to hold the door, and was driven in consequence of which, to the opposite side of the room, against the wall, and his brains dashed out. His wife was extremely injured, and her life was despaired of. Hopes are now, however, entertained of her recovery. Several of his children were bruised, but none dangerously. He had a large new cart, very strong, carried into the air, and the axle-tree twisted in two, and the wheels dashed to pieces on the ground. He had a number of cattle in separate pastures which were whirled into one common heap, and all killed. Mr. Clement's beautiful orchard, and a fine grove of values-

ble timber, such as are hardly to be found in this state, were completely destroyed.

"We have heard as far as New Philadelphia, which is said to be totally destroyed—17 persons killed, and a great many bruised and maimed."

[COMMUNICATED.]
Mr. John C. Wood, who is thought to be insane, left his friends on the 4th of May, and they know not whether he has wandered. He is five feet and a half high, has brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion, and is 26 years old. Any person who can give information concerning this unfortunate man directed to Benjamin Clapp, Esq. of Barnard, Vt. or to Mr. Artemas Bennett, of Woodstock, Vt. will subserve the cause of humanity, and receive the thanks of his afflicted relatives and friends.

[COMMUNICATED.]

To Cure the Piles.—Take hog's lard eight parts, nutgalls one part; pulverize the galls very finely, and sift through a fine sieve; then rub well coarsely through the sieve to a powder. Melt the lard, add the galls, and stir it till cold. Apply it to the parts affected several times a day.

Take from 20 to 30 drops of the balsam of Capiva on a little sugar, each night, and the yolk of an egg immediately after it. The writer was never known this application made without success.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Young, Jacob Crowninshield, Esq. of the United States Navy, to Miss Harriet Wallach, daughter of Moses Wallach, Esq.

In Wiscasset, by the Rev. Mr. Packard, John Sevey, Esq. to Miss Mary S. Sevey, daughter of G. S. Sevey, Esq.

In Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, 2d inst. Mr. George Talbot, one of the Editors of the Boston Recorder and Telegraph, to Miss Eliza Allen.

In Coventry, Ct. by Rev. J. Benson, Rev. Calvin Brewer, of Wiscasset, Mass. to Miss Mary Clark, of Coventry.

In Saugus, Mass., May 31, by the Rev. D. F. Feltner, Mr. John J. Burdell, of Lynn, to Miss Ann Maria Melville, of Saugus.

In Cumberland, R. I. by the Rev. Newell S. Spaulding, Mr. John Newell, to Miss Polly Grant. In Easton, by the same, Mr. Stedford Drake, to Miss Adeline M. Drake.

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Robert Gardner 31; Caroline F. Downs, 5 months; Abigail West, 3 years and 8 months, daughter of Mr. Andrew Combs; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Patrick Ryan, 31; Mary, daughter of Mr. John Francis, 17 months; Charles E. C. Kneeland, 14; Mr. Josiah Davis, of Portsmouth, N. H. 52; Ann Eliza, eldest daughter of Col. Daniel Brown, aged 5 years, and six months—Hiram Combs, aged 30 years, his death was occasioned by a fall through the scull of a store in Broad st.—Mr. Joshua Conners, suicide by jumping out of the garret window of a three story house—Joseph Treatwell, son of Mr. John Treatwell, aged 2 years and six months—Miss Mary Russell Trevett, aged 18, daughter of the late Capt. Russell F.

In Wiscasset, Mr. John Babson, aged 44.

In Washington City, Elias B. Caldwell, Esq. Attorney at Law, and Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, which office he had filled for a number of years.

Mr. William, Conn. May 31, Mr. Ira Jewett. He was for a number of years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A short time before his death he was deprived of the use of his reason, and lingered out his few remaining days in a very distressing condition.

At a residence near Liberty town, Md. on Monday night, the 10th ult., Mr. William Carmack, in the 87th year of his age. In the 47th year of his age he was awakened and converted through the instrumentality of Methodist preaching, and attached himself to that community, among whom he lived in common, counting himself in the most Christian manner for 40 years; and for about 20 years of that time his house was kept as a sanctuary where the word of life was dispensed to his neighbors and many were made the subjects of quickening grace under his friendly roof. When it pleased the great disposer of events to call our venerable friend from his labor to his great reward, it was without acute pain or any severe disease. It seemed as though tired nature, no longer able to exercise her functions, sunk exhausted, while the lamp of life glimmered for a season, until the last spark slowly sunk in the socket, and he slept in peace. He retained his reasoning faculties to the close of life, and often spoke of his unshaken confidence in God, and his full assurance of eternal happiness beyond the grave. On the Wednesday following, a pathetic and suitable service was held by the Rev. Nehemiah S. Nichols, to a large and deeply affected congregation; and the remains of our deceased brother were consigned to the grave.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BOSTON.

ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, June 6.—*Arrived*, brig Seneca, Hedges, Charlton; Feb. 23, and Rio Janeiro, April 20; Volant, Barnstable; Maine, Portland.—*Cleared* ships: Farago, Foster, Rio Hache; Henry, Churchill, Hartford; Enterprise, Daggett, Albany; Independence, Frenchman's Bay.

TUESDAY, June 7.—*Arrived*, schs. Holiah & Judith, Thompson, Eastport; 4; Enterprise, Hussey, Nantucket; Flying Fish, Bondy, York; Lucie, Doyle, New York via Gloucester; Packet, Bullock, Salem; ship Emerald, Briggs, 30; Packet from Gloucester; ships Lapwing, Prouty, Scituate; Packet, Pulsifer, Salem; ship Hallowell, Smith, Gloucester.—*Cleared*, ship Amethyst, Hussey, Liverpool; brig Clarion, Crowell, Trieste; schs. Nancy, Small, St. Andrews; Mexican, Lepper, Philadelphia; Brilliant, Amazon, Portsmouth; ships Rapid, Swan, Nantucket; William, Bowditch, Salem; Reager, Isaac, St. Peters, by Salmon Whistley.

WEDNESDAY, June 8.—*Arrived*, brig Yellow, Halifax; 7; Eclipse, Lewis; Manilla, Sturges, and Hycos, Jennings, New York; Bedford, New Bedford; industry, Belfast.—*Cleared*, ship Farago, Thompson, Havana; brig Neptune, Clark, Hamburg; schs. Helen, Hildet, Falmouth; Midea, Wiscasset, Philadelphia; Greek, Nickerson, and Atlantic, Baxter, New York.

THURSDAY, June 9.—*Arrived*, bark Garland, Hilton, Stockholm; brig Dido, Kelley, Kingston, St. Clair, Dalton, Mobile, via New York; Hero, Prescott, Alexandria; Henry, Ross, Cape Haytien, 10; Facior, Vial, Font Vetre; Spartan, Foote, St. Croix, W. E.; Tenebris, Crosby, St. Johns, Porto Rico; Morgiana, Blanchard, St. Croix, W. E.; Cornelia, Gifford, Matanzas, 10; schs. Thankful, Winslow, Faler, Baltimore; Chatham, Small, do; Lovely, Kelly, Charleston, 14; Jane, Wiscasset, Washington, N. C.; 1; ship, Hallowell; Camilla, Cobb, Barnstable; Alina, Rice, St. Croix and St. Thomas; Mayflower, Tilden, Washington, N. C.; ships Hawk, Staguard, Nantucket; Aradine, Hallowell; Dove, Rey, Independence, Gloucester; Champion, Blackford, Eastport; Hercules, Parker, Hartford; Midea, Wiscasset, Philadelphia; ship, Lewis, do; Pacific, Jennings, Albany; Mechanic, Sparrow, Salem; Hector, Wade, New York; Folly, Cooper, Plymouth; Heroine, Hedges, New York; Susan, Morgan, Fort au Prince, 23.—*Cleared*, brig Harriet, and sch. Loston, for Bath.

FRIDAY, June 10.—*Arrived*, schs. Ariel, Bradford, New York; 7; Jet, Wescott, Castine.

Moses, Murch, Antigua, 18; Thomas, Crowell, Carthagena, 31; ships Harriet, Holmes, Plymouth, 1; Union, Gardiner, Henry, Ross, Cape Haytien, 10; Facior, Vial, Font Vetre; Spartan, Foote, St. Croix, W. E.; Tenebris, Crosby, St. Johns, Porto Rico; Morgiana, Blanchard, St. Croix, W. E.; Cornelia, Gifford, Matanzas, 10; schs. Thankful, Winslow, Faler, Baltimore

THE HERALD'S HARP.



THE HEAVENLY WAY.

There is a way which leads to God,
Tis sprinkled with the Saviour's blood,
Which flow'd that I might live;
There would my willing footsteps run,
And seek the prize which he has won,
Till God the crown shall give.

This is the balm for all my woes,
The sure defence from hellish foes,
The cross of Calvary;
That cross on which the Saviour bled,
And death, and hell, in triumph led,
That he might live for me.

He has fulfilled his Father's laws,
And now he lives to plead my cause
In the bright world above;
Guiltily and wretched, here I flee,
And since the Saviour died for me,
Why should I doubt his love.

Then let me knock at mercy's door,
Naked and helpless, blind and poor,
The vilest of the vile;
My Saviour, God, my hope, my trust,
Behold thy suppliant in the dust,
And deign to me to smile.

Dispel the cloud of deep despair,
And bring thy pardoning mercy near,
Seal me for ever thine;
Then in this world with joy I'll stay,
Till death shall call me hence away
In robes of light to shine.

From Ma.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A BALLAD.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should I know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
And won'ting look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell,"
She answered, seven are we;
Two of us now at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the Churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the Churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

"Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the Churchyard lie,
Beneath the Churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs are so alive;
If two are in the Churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps, or more, from mother's door,
And they are side by side."

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchiefs there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she mourning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away."

So in the Churchyard she was laid,
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I."

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forc'd to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then?" said I,
"If there are two in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
"Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

A CHRISTIAN MINISTER'S SOLILOQUY.

In his way to the sanctuary.

I am now going to the sanctuary—going to meet God—going to engage in his worship—going to preach his word—that word by which myself and all my hearers must be finally judged. I shall soon be surrounded by a number of beings, whose existence is never to terminate; but who, after millions and millions of ages, will be still immortal. Either the Bible is untrue, or every man, woman, and child among them will dwell in everlasting misery or joy. As soon as they have passed the bounds of this life, they must rise to the companionship of the highest orders of being, or sink to the doom of the lowest.

Providence has appointed me to declare to them the misery of their condition as sinners, and to direct their attention to that blessed way, which infinite mercy has opened for their complete restoration and happiness. I am to represent to them the character of a Saviour, who is waiting to be gracious. I am to show them the utter impossibility of their being saved by any other means. I am to watch for their souls, to labor, that I may be instrumental in their everlasting welfare; and when I have finished the short period,

allotted me on earth, I am to appear before the tribunal of my Creator to give in my account—to say, how I have used, and how I have improved my talents—what exertions I have made in the office I sustain, and what effects have resulted from them. If I am not faithful to the cause I have undertaken, how shall I appear at that solemn season? If I am ashamed of the faces of men, I am assured I shall be "confounded before them;" and what is still more awful, shall be punished with the divine displeasure, and, perhaps, with misery in my soul!

The condition of my hearers may be various.—Some will need comfort and encouragement; some may have backslidden, and will require admonition to return; some may be less attached to their duty, to the rules of moral obligation; some may be questioning the evidences of Christianity; some may be discouraged by a thousand doubts and fears; some may be very much exposed to the agency and artifice of the devil; and some may have their hearts and affections in heaven, and be waiting for fresh discoveries of the love of Christ to their souls. To all these I must administer a portion of meat in the season.

Some, perhaps, will be wishing for doctrinal discourses; some for the practical part of religion; some for experience. If I am very practical, many may think I am legal; if I am pretty general in my invitations to sinners, some may be weak enough to imagine that I set aside the necessity of the influence of the Spirit in conversion; many may differ widely from me in their views of the gospel. But if these things move me, or make any alteration in my public addresses, I am not a faithful servant of Christ. I shall then appear to be guided by the opinions of men. I will seem as if they weighed more with me than the Bible. I shall expose myself to the everlasting curse of my conscience, and, perhaps, to the curse of God. I will, therefore, endeavor to follow the directions of the highest authority. If I do not—shall yet have approved myself to my own conscience. Whatever may be the result, I will strive to be faithful to my own views, and to truth, and leave the result with God. I will exert myself to the utmost of my power to turn sinners from darkness to light. I know that the co-operation of divine influence is necessary to make my exertions effectual to any good end; but I recollect that all means are to be employed, while the effect rests upon the sanctions of heaven.

Perhaps, before another Sabbath day, some that hear me this day, will have removed to their long home. They may have appeared before their Maker, they may have given in their account. What if it should be said by any, that I had been necessary to their damnation!—that I had not improved, that I had not admonished, that I had not instructed them.—What if they should to eternity be heaping curses upon my head, for my lukewarmness and inattention. Or, perhaps, before the arrival of another Sabbath, I myself may have finished my course on earth. I may now be going to preach my last sermon. The opportunities I now enjoy of winning souls to Christ may be the last I shall have for ever. O that I may be enabled to keep my own accountability, and the immortality of my hearers in view! May these annihilate all fear of the creature, and make me solicitous to please God! May I enter the sanctuary, under the deep impression of his presence! May I remember that he is acquainted with all my thoughts, and with all my intentions! May I be kept from the folly of striving merely to gratify the outward ear! May I be animated with ardent zeal—"zeal according to knowledge!" May I be in a spiritual and heavenly frame of mind! May I strive to cherish this disposition in those that hear me! May I be very serious, and very much in earnest about my own salvation, and that of all around me! and, above all, may I be indulged with thy smiles, O thou infinitely blessed Being, and when my work on earth is finished, rise to nobler communion with thee and thy Son for ever!

OBITUARY.

A brief account of the last sickness and death of Mrs. FANNY SANDERS, wife of Rev. Jacob Sandborn, of Guilford, N. H.

The writer of the following memoir feels a peculiar delicacy in the performance of that duty which he apprehends devolves upon him; viz. of giving the character of the departed, particularly on account of the relation he held to her, she having been his wife, and it should appear to his readers to say too much of egotism or panegyric. Yet probably that consideration would not, by the candid, be thought of sufficient weight to justify him in withholding real facts. The subject of this narrative was the oldest daughter of Mr. Sandborn and Mrs. Anna Eastman of Londonderry, N. H. She was brought up with all that tenderness peculiar to parental affection. They were not regardless of her education. In early life she manifested a regard for sacred things, and saw, by the light of the divine spirit, the depravity of the heart, the necessity of a change, and her entire dependence on the Saviour for this change. This she sought, and this, through grace, she obtained; and in her 11th year gave the church evidence so satisfactory of the reality of the change, as to gain its approbation for her baptism and membership. At this early age she embraced her Saviour, partook of the ordinances of the gospel, and retained her standing in the church through life. "They that seek me early shall find me," saith the Lord.

After much reflection and prayer, she entered a marriage relation, in her 24th year. In consequence of this, she considered that she held a more respectable and important station in the church, a right discharge of the duties of which, was her study, and her greatest solicitation. To promote the interest of the church, she thought no prayer too great.

Her constitution was firm, and her health generally good, until her last sickness, which commenced Jan. 15th, of the present year. The first attack was a violent head ache, which was thought to terminate in influenza, which was prevalent at that time. Early and able medical exertions were made, but without success. At the expiration of the term usual for this complaint to subside, she was found more feeble than at any earlier period. On the 7th of Feb. a medical council was held on her case, the result of whose deliberation was that the indications of her complaint were highly consumptive. She was treated accordingly, but the event confirmed our fears, and proved that a consumption was really seated. Hence all that could be done was to render her as comfortable as possible, under the sure and fatal progress of her disorder.

Previous to her sickness she had a number of times intimated an apprehension of some important change with her (as sentiment by no means common to her) and from the first of her illness the idea of not recovering seemed to be confirmed in her mind; yet not so much so as to exclude all hope. But when her physicians pronounced her disorder a consumption, she readily discovered she had no just grounds to expect recovery. She felt that God was giving a signal for her departure, and she made ready to obey the summons. Notwithstanding the uniformity of her life, and that she had accustomed herself to think much on death, yet, when facts proved to her that the great hour was near, very different sensations opened on the mind from those which it had been possible for her before to possess. And although she had endeavored to hold the world with a loose hand, yet it was now found that it required more than an ordinary exertion to give it up, and she was wholly consumed by it. This she saw must be done, and this she was by grace enabled to do, in a most full and unreserved manner. During this laborious but successful struggle, she did not enjoy very clear and animating views of divine things, and of her acceptance with God. The body was weak, the effort of the mind great, her temptations powerful and heavy; and for a season the mind sunk low. Yet

in no moment did she lose her confidence in God, or let go her hope, or suffer her faith to forsake its hold. What she desired most was a brighter evidence, a more full confirmation of the Divine favor. For this she wept, she prayed, and for this she labored almost incessantly, until the night of Sabbath, Feb. 27th, when her solicitude became such as to render the idea of sleep unwelcome, until she should obtain the desired favor. The writer united his efforts with hers until a late hour in the night, when the powers of nature were exhausted, and she fell into a sleep, but in a short time awoke in the happy possession of that religious calm, and heavenly serenity which could only be inspired by a consciousness of the Divine favor. During the above mental efforts she sensibly felt the force of our Lord's instructions, that those who would have Christ for their portion must renounce all things else to possess him. She acceded to the justice of these terms, and however strong the ties which bound her to her family, or any other earthly object, she now saw a dissolution of them as necessary to her recovery, and never suffered herself to retract. Therefore, when asked a few days after, what were her feelings at the thought of a separation from her family, she replied, "I have a strong attachment to my family, a great affection for my babe, (then aged six months)—all the children need a mother; but I can give them all up for my Saviour." That in this she was sincere was evident on the following day.—When asked if she had any advice to give concerning the children, if what we feared should be realized: she spoke sensibly of measures relating to them, but added, "I have given them all up, and consider them no longer mine."

She had been uniform and even in her religion, during her acquaintance with her. Was neither subject to those extraordinary flights, nor unaccountable retrogrades peculiar to many. Her religion had its seat in the heart; and to its sacred principles all the passions of her soul were bowed. That, like a sacred anchor, enabled her to hold fast her faith without being carried away by the smiles of prosperity, nor dejected by the frowns of adversity. "She fastened her hand on the sky, nor felt earthly ills weigh." Having taken her leave of this world, she contemplated the other as her home, and spoke of her departure with the same composure as she formerly would of a journey. She gave directions concerning her things in the house, and sent some articles, as the last and farewell tokens of her love, to her absent sisters in the same spirit.

She considered her state on a sick bed, and her prospects there, as infinitely superior to health, and all the objects the world could present. Hence, when asked if she had no desire to recover, she replied, "I do not know as I have. I do not know of any person on earth, with whom I would change situations if I could." Accordingly, she sustained the most restless and wearisome exertions with the greatest patience and composure; and when she had passed a night with little or no sleep, and under circumstances truly afflictive, I said to her, you have had a very bad night, she replied, "O no, I have been very comfortably supported. I enjoyed my mind very well. I believe the Lord is my friend, and I do not know as I have a doubt but he will stand by me."

Her confidence in God during her sickness was generally uniform, which, however, she usually expressed in a very reserved manner. To the question, How do you enjoy your mind? a frequent answer was, "I enjoy my mind comfortably." As this was a common answer, I once took occasion to ask what we should understand to be her full meaning by it. She replied, "I feel that the Lord is with me, that he will stand by me, and will not forsake me."

The consideration of her own personal ease or accommodation, was never with her, while in health, a sufficient motive for leaving her husband and one son, or one pastoral visit. She preferred any privation, rather than that the cause of God should suffer, or a single soul in affliction be destitute of aid. Under the influence of those principles, and but a few days before her departure, and when in a situation which particularly required the presence of her husband, he was sent for to go a number of miles to visit a person considered high unto death. Notwithstanding the advice of a religious physician to the contrary, she urged that the visit should be made, and the request was complied with.

Notwithstanding that in the early part of her sickness she expressed a moderate desire to recover, it were the Divine pleasure; yet, when the symptoms of her complaint indicated the will of God to be otherwise, she immediately submitted her will to his, and God so graciously confirmed her hope, that she saw the need of grace to render her patient until the signal for her departure, as evidently as she had before seen the necessity of it to qualify her for the arrival of that hour. For this she looked to her Father in heaven by prayer, and her deep resignation and uniform silence and composure in her greatest extremities, evinced that she did not pray in vain. She often cast a wistful look to the beautiful shore on the other side of Jordan, and like Moses prayed, "Let me go over and see that goodly land." But like him, she prayed submissively.

There is in death something awfully interesting, important and solemn, even to a good person. In that eventful moment, the candidate for eternity dissolves all connections with earth, is removed from every former acquaintance, and has a long and final farewell to all below. He ends a state of probation on which depends consequences important and lasting as eternity. He is disembodied, "as he is seen," is introduced to new, and till now unknown orders of beings, and above all, brought into the more immediate presence of the Judge of all the earth. What then but grace "can turn our sight, undaunted, on the tomb." This important hour she had surveyed in all its bearings, for to the human mind could penetrate. A preparation for this had been the study and labor of life, and hence, when the hour drew near, she rejoiced in the prospect. A few days before her departure, being informed that she was declining with increased rapidity, and probably could not continue long, she replied, "that is no bad news, if I please the Lord to take me away soon, I say, Amen." And when at a later period she was informed that the messenger was thought to be at the door, she received the intelligence with indescribable rapture and transport, and exclaimed, "Oh, is it possible! it is possible my labor is near over! O, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, O my soul! O, praise the Lord for the patience he has given me." She seemed very desirous to say more, but the powers of life were too far gone to admit of it at that time. She, however, survived that hour, but seemed to regret to find herself the next day still on the shores of time, and said she "hoped to have been gone."

She prayed for patience, and continued till the morning of the following day, which was Saturday, the 14th of May. A little before 9 in the morning she was informed that the messenger of death was at hand. The intelligence seemed the most welcome, but nature had sunk too low for any formal composure or preparation. She was in a state of rapture, and exclaimed, "Yes, with an emphasis that emphatically explained how fully her soul accorded, whispered, "Amen." This was her last word. At ten o'clock she easily, and without any apparent struggle, resigned her soul to God who gave it, and fell into the arms of death, aged 31 years, 10 months and 14 days.

As she set a high value on all communications from her father's family, it may not be improper to subjoin a letter from her brother, the Rev. Samuel Eastman, at New York City, which we received toward the latter part of her sickness.

Dear Brother Sandborn,—I have perused, and re-perused your letter, and wept at the melancholy tidings which it communicates, and poured out my soul in prayer to God. And it is possible that my dear sister, your beloved wife, is near the world of spirits? Alas! perhaps she has already paid the debt of nature, and become an inhabitant of heaven! I know not whether I am now writing to an afflicted brother, already shedding the tears of fond regret over the new made grave of the kind partner of his life, or to one who is still watching over her sick bed, and praying that she may recover, and live to bless him with her smiles, and to train his children with a mother's care. I know not whether I may still indulge the pleasing hope of seeing her again in the land of the living, or whether the stroke of death has not already rendered the enjoyment of that pleasure impossible. O, my dear brother, if distance did not prevent, I would fly to you, and mingle my tears with yours. O, if I knew she were still living, I would address her in language like this:—

My dear sister, I love you with brotherly affection, and the ties of consanguinity are strengthened by the ties of Christian attachment. God, in his abundant mercy, has, I trust, made us children of the same spiritual Father, subjects of the same glorious grace, and heirs of the same precious promises. Though you are younger than I am, yet you began to tread in the footsteps of Christ first. You have lived more worthy of your profession, ripened faster for heaven, and appear to be going there sooner than I. Your body is wasted and weakened by disease: is your faith strong in the Lord? Is the Saviour precious to your soul? Does the same redeeming love, which cheered you in health, console and comfort you in sickness? Do you submit with pious resignation to the will of God, and trust with unflinching confidence in the merits of Christ? Do you feel as if all things were working together for your good? And notwithstanding the pain under which you are now suffering, do you realize that he is very pitiful and of tender mercy? Be not afraid then to die. For death will only dismiss you from a world of sorrow to a world of blissful immortality. Our affections would gladly detain you; but if the Master calls, we must submit, and bid you a mournful farewell. May the kind Shepherd who has called you to the fold of the flock, gently lead you through the dark valley, and graciously number you with the blood-washed inhabitants of his Kingdom.—Dear sister, farewell.

My dear brother, how sweet are the consolations of religion in seasons of affliction. When trials beat upon the believer, religion calms the fury of the storm, and lifts him above the waves. When he is suffering under the pangs of dissolution, it teaches him that those are the last pangs he will ever feel. When death plucks his dearest friends from the grasp of his affections, and leaves him behind to mourn their departure, it teaches him to look forward and anticipate the time when pious friends shall meet again on the verdant banks of triumphant deliverance, when the resurrection shall restore to us the friends whom death has taken from us.

"O happy, happy company,
Where friends and heavenly spirits greet,
And those who death hath sever'd meet,
And join again in union sweet:
O happy, happy company!"
Believe me, truly and affectionately yours, &c.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

AN EXPELLED SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

From the tops of the rocks I see him.

The Rev. T. B. the venerable and excellent minister of St. James' Church, Bristol, lately mentioned from the pulpit, that a boy some time since, behaved so ill in St. James' Sunday School, that neither kind nor severe seemed to have any effect upon him. After having been before the committee repeatedly, they were very reluctantly obliged to expel him. For several years they heard nothing of him, and had almost forgotten the circumstance. Late, as an evangelical clergyman, who was then a teacher in the school, was sitting in his study in a distant country village, a sailor knocked at the door: on being admitted, he said to the clergyman—"I suppose you have forgotten me." "Yes," answered he, "I have, if I ever knew James Saunders?" "O yes," said he, "I have cause to remember him; he gave me much trouble and anxiety, what do you know of him?" "I am the lad." "You are grown so, and so altered, I could not have believed it—Well, James, what account can you give of yourself?" "A very sorry one, sir,—when I was expelled the school, I left the city, and wandered I scarcely knew or cared where. At length I found myself at the sea-side. Weary of living by lying and stealing, and weary of myself, I got on ship board, and after sailing in various parts of the world, I was shipwrecked in a hurricane in the bay of Honduras; after swimming till my strength failed me, I gave myself up for lost. In the middle of a dark night I came to my senses, and found myself on a rock half covered with water. I looked around and called out for my shipmates, and found that two of them were circumspectly life myself, every moment expecting a watery grave; for the first time since I left the school, you, sir, darted into my mind: I thought of your kindness—of my base ingratitude, and of some of the sacred truths you took so much pains to fix in my memory, particularly that passage in Numbers xxiii. 9. "From the tops of the rocks I see him." In my extremity I looked to the Saviour of whom I had heard so much, but whom I had so long slighted and despised. I knelt down to my waist in water, and cried mightily, that God would be the "rock of my strength and my portion for ever." I found your words true, that praying breath was never spent in vain. On the day breaking we discovered some pieces of wreck on which we ultimately succeeded in reaching the shore. Then many of the precious truths you had taught me from the Bible, came fresh to my memory, though I had almost forgotten, during my career of iniquity; even that there was such a book. I thought, sir, you would be glad to find that all your care and anxiety, on my behalf, was not lost;—therefore walked from my ship all this way, to thank you in the best manner I could for your former kindness to me."

Knowing the cunning and adroitness of the lad, Mr. P. was half inclined to discredit him; he inquired the name of the captain, to whom he wrote, and ascertained that since this young man had sailed with him, his conduct had been so correct and exemplary that whenever he knew that James Saunders was on the deck he made himself perfectly attentive to the duties of the ship would be faithfully attended to. Many months after, Mr. P. received a letter from the captain saying that poor James Saunders, in a distant part of the world was seized with a fever; that during its progress he sent for the sailors to read to them while he was able out of the Bible; and exhorted them to cleave to the Rock of Ages that never moves; to take example by him, though one of the vilest of sinners—who had found mercy and grace to help him in every time of need; and commending them all to Jehovah Jesus, he fell asleep in him without a struggle—a monument of saving grace and redeeming love.

Sabbath School Visitant.

JUVENILE EXPOSITION..NO. 70.

In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh. MATTHEW XXIV. 44.

Among the various causes of procrastination, perhaps that of presuming on long life, is neither the least common nor the least dangerous. One said to our Lord, "Suffer me first to go and bury my father." Felix said to Paul, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will send for thee." And these words, "To-morrow shall be as this day," are the language of delaying thousands in the present generation. The sources, from which numbers derive such false expectations, are frequently two.—First, the longevity of their ancestors, and particularly their own kindred. The father from whose loins they proceeded, and the mother on whose breast they hung,

lived to the advanced age of three score years and ten, and perhaps reached the period of fourscore or upwards, before it was said of them, as of the ancients, "And they died!"—Secondly, their own health, vigorous, strong constitutions. Their health is as good as ever they knew it; their vigor and energy have suffered little or no decay. These are the false notions in which numbers deem themselves secure. But although these thoughts may have sunk deep and lodged long within their hearts, it is possible they may prove as vain as they are dangerous. An ancient instance of this, took place near Conington, Eng. in 1804.

A gentleman was observing how healthy and vigorous he found himself, and so perfectly well, that he thought he should live to be as old as his father, who with his mother, lived to an advanced age. As he made no pretensions to religion, this supposition could not arise from what some term enthusiasm. But this did not render it more certain, for, a few days after he dropped down in his own house, was taken so speechless, and apparently insensible. In this state he languished a short time, and then "The great angel groined his last!" How do such instances exemplify the words of the Son of Man, "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Reader, if ye have been thy views, be wise. Seize the present opportunity, and improve it in bringing "forth fruits meet for repentance;" for he, whose word has said, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return," has also said, "When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape."

SAILORS' FRIEND.

AN ADDRESS.

Made by Captain Stevens, of the brig Two Sons, at the anniversary of the "Seamen's Union Bethel Society of Baltimore."

MR. PRESIDENT,

When I look back upon years that are past, upon that part of the community for whose welfare the meeting is now convened, and behold them, as it were, shut out from all Christian, and almost from all moral society, I tremble lest many of them have been left to sink down into silence without the knowledge of a Saviour. And while merchants, on shore, have been enriching themselves, and rearing stately churches by the labor of seamen, they, poor souls, have been left to harbor themselves in the launts of dissipation on shore, and "drink in iniquity as the earth drunketh in the rain." Whether besting down the streets brutally intoxicated, or filling the air with oaths and curses, all are equally regardless, and none could lead them to the Bethel Flag. And even now, many poor sailors are left to cut away their last anchor of hope and perish in the ocean of eternal misery. But thank to Him who ruleth the raging of the sea, and stills the noise of its waves, that the time has come when we may say, "blessed are our eyes that we see, and our ears that we hear." Truly a most pleasing eye has opened; the Bethel banner is unfurled, and the gospel of salvation is preached to seamen. I have been acquainted, sir, with your Bethel Union from infancy, and rejoice in its prosperity. Often have I been delighted at the increase of its numbers, and the respectful attention which it has received from seamen; often has my heart been warmed under its flag with the fire of that love, I trust, which caused the pharisee's heart to burn. But while I rejoice in what has been done through your instrumentality, I regret that so few of the followers of Jesus, who might afford the temporal aid necessary to the conversion of the sea, remain inactive. It is fondly hoped, however, that they will speedily come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and many seamen shall rise up and call them blessed. It is delightful to see so many assembled this evening in such a glorious cause—cause in which Almighty God himself delights; cause, my Christian friends, in which your sacred Redeemer has exalted—which angels shall exult in, and which the divine spirit has promised to bless. Here we behold the merchant and mechanic, the farmer and the laborer, all coming forward by their own tenance and their contributions, and their prayer, and from all denominations, too, to promote the Bethel cause; not for the purpose of strengthening a party, but with a full determination to hoist the standard of divine truth, so that all who sail upon your happy port may share in its blessings. Go on, then, ye worthy officers and members of this important institution, in the strength of your great Redeemer: your object is the noblest in existence! Go on, worthy pastor and zealous servant of the Most High, in the strength of Jesus Christ, and while teaching others the way of life and salvation, may you, dear sir, be under the teachings of the holy spirit of God. And when your labor of love is finished, and the Captain of Salvation calls you aloft, may you find yourself the spiritual father of a numerous offspring of sailors. Again we say, go on, ye men of God, strengthened by the promise of God himself, that the abundance of the sea shall be converted to Christ, and although you may not immediately see the great work accomplished, let what has already been done through your exertions stimulate to perseverance; and may you be enabled to rejoice through a long eternity that you are chosen as pioneers to clear the way for unfurling the Bethel standard throughout the globe, that all the navigator of the trackless deep may experience its blessings, and sail under its banner. May the Baltimore Bethel Union exist and prosper, with all similar institutions until every floating vehicle become a Bethel, the great work of the Lord be accomplished, and the sea and the dry land become one altar of praise to Almighty God!

THE GATHERER.

How the Christian should act.—He should act in reference to God, as the planets do in reference to the sun—deriving all their light, heat, and motion from him, and incessantly and regularly revolving round him. Thus acted Paul; thus acted the primitive Christians; and thus must every Christian act, who expects to see God in his glory.

Prayer.—A gentleman conversing with his friend respecting the exercises of his own mind, before and after conversion, observed that there was a great difference as to the objects of prayer: "When I was (said he) only a nominal Christian, I used to pray for my family—if any strangers were present I prayed for them,—when I was alone I prayed to myself.—But since I have been renewed by divine grace, in all my prayers, I PRAY TO GOD."

THE CONVERTED SCOLD.

The late Rev. Mr. W. relates the following circumstance, in one of his journals. "Wednesday 9th, I rode over to a neighboring town, to wait on a justice of the peace, a man of candor and understanding, before whom I was informed their angry neighbors had carried a whole wagon load of these new heretics (the Methodists). But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence, for that was a point their conductors had forgot! At length one said, 'Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning to night.' Mr. S. asked, 'But have they done nothing besides?' 'Yes, sir,' said an old man; 'an't please your worship they have converted my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb.' 'Carry them back, carry them back,' replied the justice, 'and let them convert all the scolds in the town.'"